wrote in my diary, October 12, 1892. " His majestic life and death spoke of him better than the service. . . . The music was poor and dull and weak, while he was *strong.* The triumphant should have been the sentiment expressed.. . . Faces one knew everywhere. Lord Salisbury looked fine, His massive head and sad eyes were remarkable. No face there, however, looked anything by the side of Henry's. . . . He looked very pale and slim and wonderful! "

How terribly I missed that face at Henry's own funeral! I kept on expecting to see it, for indeed it seemed to me that he was directing the whole most moving and impressive ceremony, I could almost hear him saying, " Get on ! get on! " in the parts of the service that dragged. When the sun—such a splendid, tawny sun—burst across the solemn misty grey of the Abbey, at the very moment when the coffin, under its superb pall of laurel leaves,[x] was carried up the choir,! felt that it was an effect which he would have loved.

I can understand any one who was present at Henry living's funeral thinking that this was his best memorial, and that any attempt to honour him afterwards would be superfluous and inadequate.

Yet when some further memorial was discussed, it was not always easy to sympathise with those who said : " We got him buried in Westminster Abbey. What more do you want ? "

After all it was Henry Irving's commanding genius, and his devotion of it to high objects, his personal influence on the English people, which secured him burial among

England's great dead. The petition for the burial presented to the Dean and Chapter, and signed, on the initia-

[1] **Every lover of beauty and every lover of Henry Irving must have breathed a silent thanksgiving that day to the friends who had that inspiration and made the pall with their own hands.**